



JESUS BLESSING THE CHILDREN

CASSELL'S
DORÉ
GALLERY:

CONTAINING

Two Hundred and Fifty Beautiful Engravings,

SELECTED FROM

THE DORÉ BIBLE, MILTON, DANTE'S INFERNO, DANTE'S PURGATORIO AND PARADISO,
ATALA, FONTAINE, FAIRY REALM, DON QUIXOTE, BARON
MUNCHHAUSEN, CROQUIMITAINE, &c &c.

*WITH MEMOIR OF DORÉ, CRITICAL ESSAY, AND DESCRIPTIVE
LETTERPRESS,*

BY

EDMUND OLLIER.

VOL. II.

CASSELL & COMPANY, LIMITED:

LONDON, PARIS & MELBOURNE

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MEMOIR OF GUSTAVE DORÉ



F the life of Gustave Doré there is not much to relate. The great French artist has not yet accumulated about him those incrustations of anecdote and reminiscence which grow round the name and fame of men whose working life dates backward half a century or so. His career resolves itself, for the most part, into a list of art-productions of singular variety and extraordinary power; and in recording these we give the liveliest idea possible of the brilliant genius recently so popular both in Europe and America.

PAUL GUSTAVE DORÉ (for such were his full names) was born on the 6th of January, 1832, at Strasburg. His father was an engineer, and, judging by his name, seems to have been of pure French stock; but Strasburg is to a great extent a German town, and indeed the whole of Alsace, in which it is situated, has more of the Teutonic than the Gallic element. This eastern province was ceded to France by Austria at various periods of the seventeenth century, but in 1871 again became a part of Germany. Its German character is evinced in the names of its towns, in the patronymics of many of its inhabitants, and in the dialect spoken by the humbler orders. At Strasburg the Protestants are numerous, and statues of German celebrities are found in the churches, squares, and public buildings. Whether the touch of German wildness in the genius of Doré was to be attributed to his birthplace, might be a curious subject for discussion; but as remarked elsewhere, his characteristics were mainly French.

That which probably exercised a much greater influence on the youthful mind of Doré was the picturesque scenery by which he was surrounded in his early days. Strasburg itself is (or at least was, before the bombardment of 1870) a quaint old town, with lofty stone houses, high-pitched roofs, dormer windows rising in tiers, a fine Gothic cathedral, ancient public buildings, and vast

Pictures, in the technical sense of the term, are seen by only a comparatively small number. They do not tell with the masses; they are the luxuries of the rich, or the playthings of connoisseurs. Our times are essentially democratic, and France is the most democratic of European nations. Gustave Doré desired to be the artist of the people, rather than the artist of the wealthy. He saw how much was to be done with the help of the wood-engraver; how some of the effects of painting itself were capable of being reproduced by the cunning employment of powerful yet graduated blacks and whites; and he probably felt that in this direction, more than in any other, lay the special bent of his genius. Accordingly, he abandoned the practice of painting for several years, and it was only when his fame was thoroughly secured that he resumed the use of the brush as a means of giving expression to the moods of his fancy.

Energetically throwing himself into the ranks of popular artists, Gustave Doré lived the life of a hard-working Parisian man of genius, with nothing to depend on from day to day but the ingenuity of his teeming brain. At this period there was doubtless a spice of "Bohemianism" in his existence. The artist is generally a Bohemian, more or less. The easy vagabondage of life up three pair of stairs, of late hours, irregular ways, unlimited smoking, slight responsibilities, immeasurable good-fellowship, and quickly-recurring fun, is highly attractive to the pictorial and literary fraternity; and Gustave Doré determined to see "the world," as that term is understood in Paris. Many of his earlier sketches display this side of things with a truthfulness that is not very agreeable. But he had far nobler capabilities within him, and in the year 1854 he produced an illustrated edition of Rabelais, which contained some admirable work in the way of wild humour and picturesqueness. The book was cheaply printed on thin, coarse paper; so that the illustrations did not come out at all well. Some of the designs, however, were so excellent that they made the fame of Doré as a book-illustrator, and introduced him to a better kind of employment than he had previously found. Yet even a few years later we find him illustrating a cheap weekly periodical, called the *Journal pour Tous*, with wonderful spirit, oddity, and invention.

The Crimean war of 1854-5-6 opened a new field to the nimble wits of Gustave Doré. He projected a monthly journal giving engravings of the chief events of the war, and this was brought out by his old friend, M. Philippon. It was entitled *Musée Franco-Anglaise*, and was published simultaneously in

France and England. Such a work was necessarily of a somewhat clap-trap character; but it spread the artist's name over the two countries more particularly concerned, and doubtless helped to maintain the war feeling of the time. To the same period belongs a comic History of Russia (1854), containing a vast number of cuts, characterised by the grotesque farcicality of the designer's earlier days.

In a somewhat similar style to the Rabelais were the illustrations which Doré supplied in 1861 to the "*Contes Drôlatiques*" of Balzac. These were full of exuberant fancy, sometimes of a painful character, as treating in a burlesque mood of matters which, if represented by the pencil at all, should be touched only in a grave and considerate manner; but everywhere showing the presence of an original and daring genius. In 1856 our own public was introduced to a version of the ancient French romance of "*Jaufry the Knight and the Fair Brunissende, a Tale of the Times of King Arthur*," to which Doré had furnished twenty engravings, steeped in the glamour of faery. The plates to "*The Wandering Jew*," belonging to the same year, were even more remarkable. They were of large folio size, and were reproduced in England in 1857, accompanied by an English version of the story by Mr. Walter Thornbury. These magnificent designs greatly increased the reputation of Gustave Doré as an artist of unusual powers and singular fancy; but he did not reach the full altitude of his celebrity until the publication, in 1861, of his illustrations to Dante's "*Inferno*," re-issued in this country in 1866. With the illustrations to the "*Purgatorio*" and "*Paradiso*," French and English readers were made familiar in 1868. The number of Dante designs, altogether, is one hundred and thirty-six—an astonishing number, considering their excellence, their variety, the extraordinary height and range of their conceptions, and the pictorial elaboration of their handling.

The "*Don Quixote*" was published in France in 1863, and in England in the following year. It is a delightful set of illustrations—the most purely fascinating, though not the grandest, of Doré's works. Previous to executing these plates, the artist made a tour in Spain; and the scenery, architecture, and national characteristics represented in them are studied from fact, and bear the unmistakable impress of truthfulness. To the same year (1863) belongs the "*Atala*," republished here in 1867. In 1865, Doré illustrated Moore's "*Epicurean*." The Bible appeared in London and Paris in 1866, and the Milton in this country alone in the same year, having been executed expressly for

Messrs. Cassell and Company. For the *La Fontaine* (which was produced in France in 1867, and in England in 1868) Gustave Doré made very careful studies of animal life. In 1856 we had the "*Baron Munchausen*" and the "*Croquemitaine*," which had previously appeared in Paris in 1862 and 1863; and about the same period Doré illustrated a great many other works—such as Shakespeare's "*Tempest*" (1860), the *Nursery Tales* of Perrault, and "*Captain Castagnette*" (1862)—which exhibited his brilliant fancy in a hundred prismatic lights. He also contributed several exquisite plates to the poems of Tennyson and of Thomas Hood, and illustrated various works by Malte-Brun, and many histories, romances, and works of light literature.

It was said that Doré illustrated a book of travels in every country in the world. This was probably an exaggeration; but he certainly did much in this way. In his later years, he again took to oil-painting, and the exhibition in New Bond Street has given our countrymen an opportunity of estimating this great artist's skill in the manipulation of colours. Some of the pictures are undoubtedly very fine; but that which, from its subject, and the brilliance of its pigments, attracts most attention, is by no means the best. "*The Triumph of Christianity over Paganism*," though striking, is somewhat tawdry and theatrical. It is not without Doré's fertility of invention and cleverness of execution; but it is wanting in sublimity, and even in dignity. A confused rout of figures tumbles from top to bottom of the picture, and the effect is almost pantomimic in its glitter of vestments and extravagance of action. Of a far higher character is the "*Paolo and Francesca*," corresponding, save in a few variations, with one of the illustrations to the "*Inferno*," included in the present volume (Plate CCXLIII.). The figure of Francesca is transcendently beautiful and extremely pathetic. With a face of classic loveliness (classic after the Italian model, which was softer and more womanly than the Greek), and with an expression of pain, of horror, of weariness, of hopeless suffering, yet of overmastering affection and faithfulness, she floats upon the lurid storm beneath the eyes of her unhappy lover. The wound upon the bosom has grown livid; the arms are passionately stretched up; while above, bending downwards, hangs the dumb, despairing face of Paolo. Some way below, in the background, the figures of Dante and Virgil are seen dimly through the hot red air. The conception is worthy of Dante's terrible story, and the colouring is pure and masterly. Not, perhaps, equal to this, yet still

very admirable, is the painting, "Christian Martyrs in the Reign of Diocletian," where all the accessories help to produce a solemn and awful impression. "The Victor Angels" is from Milton, and similar to one of the illustrations to "Paradise Lost." The scarlet glare of sunset is here very fine; and somewhat the same effect is introduced, with exquisite gradations of tint, fading off from red to translucent amber, and from amber to clear blue, in "The Flight into Egypt." In "The Neophyte" we have an excellent piece of character-painting; while "Evening in the Alps" is a noble landscape, full of grand, austere reaches of atmospheric colour, and instinct with a most poetic feeling. Very charming, also, is "The Prairie"—a study of grasses, flowers, and butterflies, brilliant in positive colours, and in the suggested splendour of all-investing sunshine. "Christ leaving the Prætorium," "The Dream of Pilate's Wife," and the other sacred pictures, are too popular to need any comment.

Doré was never married, but lived simply and quietly with his mother, who was very proud of the genius and fame of her son. His nature was affectionate, and his manner friendly and pleasant. The same energy and industry which he exhibited in the pursuit of his art, he manifested in everything else; and it has been related that he learned English by devoting spare moments in bed to its study. A contemporary writer said of the subject of this sketch several years ago:—

"Doré has recently had a studio built for himself in the Rue Bayard. It is the largest in Paris, but in spite of its extent he has scarcely room enough in it for his numerous pictures—many half completed, and many still in execution. This studio is daily visited by persons of all grades of society. Doré receives all in the most friendly manner—talks, jests, listens, and tells the news of the day—never ceasing, at the same time, the bold touches of his brush upon the canvas. His appearance is very attractive. He looks like a youth of twenty-four, who, with bright, happy eye, is gazing forwards into the world. He possesses unusual strength of body, which is doubtless to be traced to his great fondness for gymnastic exercises. He pursues these with eagerness, and he was formerly one of the boldest climbers. When he was in Rouen some years ago, he climbed up to the highest point of the cathedral there, to the great astonishment of the crowds who looked on at this unexpected scene. But immediately after this aerial journey he was arrested by the police, who accused him of having placed the inhabitants of Rouen in the utmost alarm by his perilous boldness. He was the first to make the ascent of the Aiguille de

Floria, in Savoy, and he made many attempts also to ascend the Matterhorn. These attempts, however, failed. But though he has not succeeded in ascending the Matterhorn, he has painted it with masterly power. This picture is justly admired in his studio by all friends of art. . . . Few can compete with Doré in social talents. He talks well; he sings admirably; he plays the violin, if not, perhaps, with professional skill, yet with great understanding; and he is a clever conjuror, rarely failing in a trick. There is, therefore, no *salon* in which he is not gladly received; and when he visited the Court at Compiegne, some years ago, he arranged all the festivities there, and was, so to speak, the soul of the Court life. In his own *salon* he often gathers together a distinguished circle of friends, and many an excellent artist and musician is to be met there. Doré loves music passionately, especially German music, and no one admires and esteems Beethoven more than he does. Some work of Beethoven's is always sure to be heard in Doré's *salon*."

An interesting article on Gustave Doré was contributed by Mr. Blanchard Jerrold to the *Gentleman's Magazine* for September, 1869. Mr. Jerrold was intimate with Doré for many years. He knew him in his early days, when he was striving for the position he afterwards attained; and he knew him when he was honoured and prosperous. His account of the variously-gifted artist presents to us a vivid portrait of a bright and happy nature. "The appearance of the man," writes Mr. Jerrold, "is in complete harmony with his function and his force. He has the boyish brightness of face which is so often found to be the glowing mask of genius. The quick and subtly-searching eye; the proud, handsome lip; the upward throw of the massive head; and the atmosphere encompassing all—an atmosphere that vibrates abnormally—proclaim an uncommon presence. The value of his work apart, he is a remarkable figure of his time." Mr. Jerrold relates that he saw Doré at an Embassy ball at Paris in the autumn of 1868. He had been very gay all the evening, but at a little before three A.M. he left, saying, "I must to bed. Three hours are barely rest enough for a worker." In the summer of the same year, Doré and his English friend were driving through Windsor Park, and, though the eye of the artist ceaselessly ranged over the landscape, in which he took great delight, no notes or sketches were made. A lady asked whether he would not stop, and jot down a few pictorial memoranda. "No, no," he replied; "I've a fair quantity of collodion in my head." In other words, he could carry away with him a mental photograph of what he had seen. Mr. Jerrold continues:—

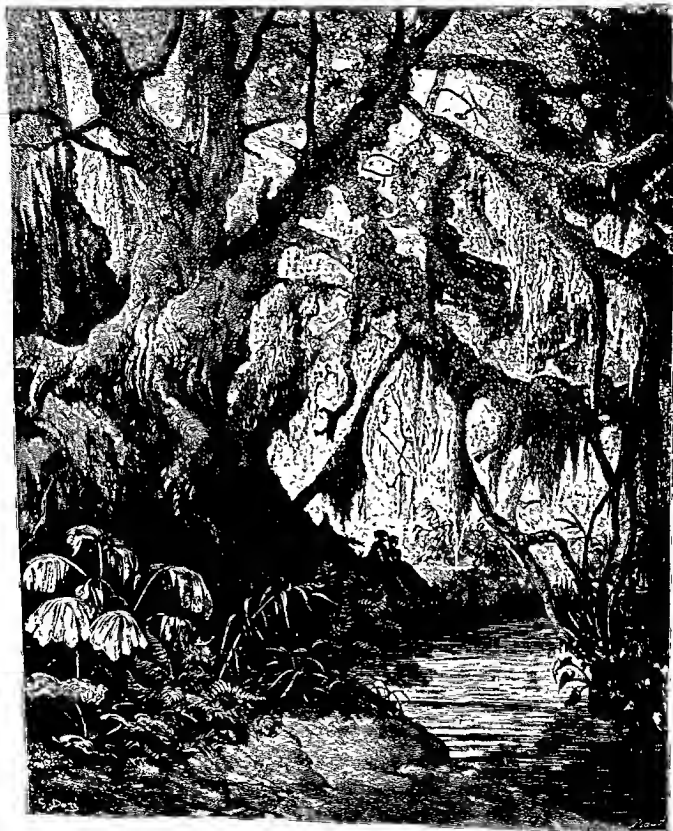
"When we were at Boulogne together in 1855, to see the disembarkation of the Queen, Doré intently watched the leading points of the great ceremonial, and, by way of fixing a few matters of detail in his memory, made some hasty pencil-marks in a tiny book he carried in his waistcoat pocket. This power of fixing a scene in the memory correctly, belongs to the student who has been true and constant to nature. Just as Houdin so educated his son's observation as to impress every article in a toyshop window upon his memory at a glance, so the student whose training has the grandest object, that of giving enduring forms to beauty, acquires the power of eliminating his material from a confused scene, through which he is fleetly travelling. . . . That which distinguishes Doré, *chez lui*, is the art atmosphere in which his pleasures take their rise. In the spacious *salon* of the Faubourg St Germain, covered with his work, is a little world of art. The professor of science, the man of letters, the gifted songstress, the physician, the composer, the actor, make up the throng; and the amusements are music and discourse of things which are animating the centres of intellect. A happier and nobler picture than this handsome square *salon*, alive with the artist's friends, each one specially gifted, and with the painter-musician in the centre, dreamily talking of some passing incident of scientific interest, with his fingers wandering listlessly over the strings of his violin, could not be—of success turned to worthy ends. The painter has been through a very hard day's toil. You have only to open a door beyond the *salle-à-manger* to light upon a work-room packed with blocks and proofs, pencils and tints and sketches. A long morning here, followed by a laborious afternoon in the Rue Bayard, have earned the learned leisure among intellectual kindred upon this common ground of art, where all bring something to the pic-nic. Frolic fancy is plentiful. Old friends are greeted with a warmth we formal people cannot understand. The world-famous man is *mon cher Gustave*, with proud motherly eyes beaming upon him, and crowds of the old familiars of childhood with affectionate hands upon his shoulders. Dinner is accompanied by bright, wise, unconstrained talk; coffee and cigars in the lofty saloon; and music and laughter, the professor parleying with the poet, the song-bird with the man of science."

On the 15th of August, 1861, Doré was decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honour. France has more means of recognising art than England possesses; and Gustave Doré deserved whatever his country could bestow on him as the reward of his genius and his toil. Though cosmo-

opolitan in his sympathies he was a thorough Frenchman as to his personal feelings and probably his proudest thought was in the reflection that for many years he stood before Europe and America as the representative artist of France

Gustave Doré had to some extent passed out of the blaze of public fame during the last few years of his life. He did less in the way of book-illustration and in these days it is book-illustration, rather than picture painting, which gives an artist the greatest notoriety. After awhile his health failed, and he died at Paris on the 23rd of January, 1883 at the early age of fifty-one. In his own line, he has left no equal and indeed no successor.





THE REST IN THE FOREST

PLATE LXV.

JESUS BLESSING THE CHILDREN.

WHEN Jesus was on "the coasts of Judæa, by the farther side of Jordan," the people brought young children to him, that he should touch them. The disciples rebuked them for this; but Jesus was displeased at the rebuke, and said to his disciples, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein" (Mark x. 14—15). Then he took the children up in his arms, put his hands on them, and blessed them.

M. Doré has introduced a great fulness of life into his representation of this scene. The grouping and action are excellent, and the background and sky are very delicately and beautifully touched.

PLATE LXVI.

THE REST IN THE FOREST.

WE have here another scene from "Atala." "During the great heat of the day," says Chactas, pursuing the story of his flight with the fair Indian maiden, "we frequently sought shelter beneath the moss of the cedars. Nearly all the Floridan trees, especially the cedar and the oak, are covered with a white moss, which descends from their branches down to the very ground. At night-time, by moonlight, should you happen to see in the open savannah an isolated holm dressed in such drapery, you would imagine it to be a phantom dragging after it a number of long veils. The scene is not less picturesque by day, when a crowd of butterflies, brilliant insects, colubris, green paroquets, and blue jacksaws entangle themselves amongst the moss, and thus produce the effect of a piece of white woollen tapestry embroidered by some clever European workman with beautiful birds and sparkling insects. It was in the shade of such smiling quarters, prepared by the Great Spirit, that we stopped to repose ourselves. When the winds come down from heaven, to rock the great cedar, when the aerial castles built upon its branches undulate with the birds and the travellers sleeping beneath its shelter, when thousands of sighs pass through the corridors of the waving edifice, there is nothing amongst the wonders of the ancient world to be compared with this monument of the desert."

In the illustration, we see the lovers seated by the margin of a forest stream, while above them the great trees fling out their giant arms, and hang their trailing drapery of grey-white moss. The minute work of the moss is worthy of attention.

PLATE LXVII.

ABDIEL AND SATAN.

PREVIOUS to the encounter of the angels in Heaven, an angry colloquy takes place between Abdiel and Satan.

"Before the clash was,
On the rough edge of battle ere it join'd,
Satan (with vast and haughty strides advanced)
Came towering, arm'd in adamant and gold,
Abdiel that sight endured not, where he stood
Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds."

Paradise Lost, Book VI, lines 107—112

He steps out from the ranks of his warlike peers, and meets Satan half-way between the two embattled armies; at which Satan is highly incensed, and fierce words ensue. Finally, Abdiel exclaims—

"Th' greeting on thy impious crest receive!"

—and strikes Satan so hard a blow that he recoils ten huge paces, and at the tenth sinks on his knee, and stays his further decline with his spear:

"As if, on earth,
Winds under ground or waters forcing way,
Sidelong had push'd a mountain from his seat,
Half sunk with all his pines. Amaze ment seiz'd
The rebel thrones, but greater rage, to see
Thus foil'd their mightiest."

Id. VI, lines 195—200.

PLATE LXVIII.

MOSES BREAKING THE TABLES OF THE LAW.

WHILE Moses was on Mount Sinai, receiving the tables of the law, the people, thinking that he had deserted them, and being disposed to renew their old idolatry, required of Aaron to make them figures of gods for worship. Aaron collected the golden ear-rings of the men and women, melted them, and fashioned a golden calf, which the people received with joy. As they were singing and dancing before this image, Moses, descending from the mount, and seeing what was being done, waxed angry, "and cast the tables out of his hands, and brake them beneath the mount. And he took the calf which they had made, and burnt it in the fire, and ground it to powder, and strewed it upon the water, and made the children of Israel drink of it." (Exodus xxxii. 19, 20)

The figure of Moses in the plate seems to have been, in some measure, studied from the celebrated statue by Michael Angelo. Gigantic, massive, and terrible, with enormous



ABDIEL AND SATAN



MOSES BREAKING THE TABLES OF THE LAW.



THE PUNISHMENT OF SIMONISTS

PLATE LXX.

JESUS WALKING ON THE SEA.

THE passage here illustrated occurs in the sixth chapter of John. Jesus, to avoid the solicitations of those who would by force make him a king, departed into a mountain by himself, and his disciples went down in the evening to the sea. They "entered into a ship, and went over the sea towards Capernaum; and it was now dark, and Jesus was not come to them. And the sea arose, by reason of a great wind that blew. So when they had rowed about five-and-twenty or thirty furlongs, they see Jesus walking on the sea, and drawing nigh unto the ship: and they were afraid. But he saith unto them, It is I; be not afraid. Then they willingly received him into the ship; and immediately the ship was at the land whither they went" (verses 17-21).

The subject is naturally a favourite one with artists; and it is here treated with a sort of rough power and simplicity which will recommend the plate to many.

PLATE LXXI.

THE NIAGARA ABOVE THE FALLS.

It may be doubted if M. Doré has ever drawn a landscape equal to this exquisitely beautiful illustration from "*Atala*." Certainly it would be impossible to surpass it. We seem to look out upon a piece of nature itself. The river is alive with motion and glitter as it hurries on towards the terrible leap. Its fluent curves recede into the gloom of night, and the shores stretch vaguely away, with soft suggestions of shadowy wood and watery lowland, ending in a dim blur of distance—if end there be at all where the artist has so wonderfully contrived to carry on the eye indefinitely by the absence of any sharply-drawn horizon. Towards the foreground, a number of clearly-cut fir-trees rise into a sky tenderly troubled with cloud and moonlight. This sky is, perhaps, the most extraordinary part of the picture. It is full of the sense of infinity. The moon seems actually withdrawn into it, and one or two stars look out from the very altitude of air. On the testimony of this print alone, M. Doré might claim the reputation of a great landscape-artist.

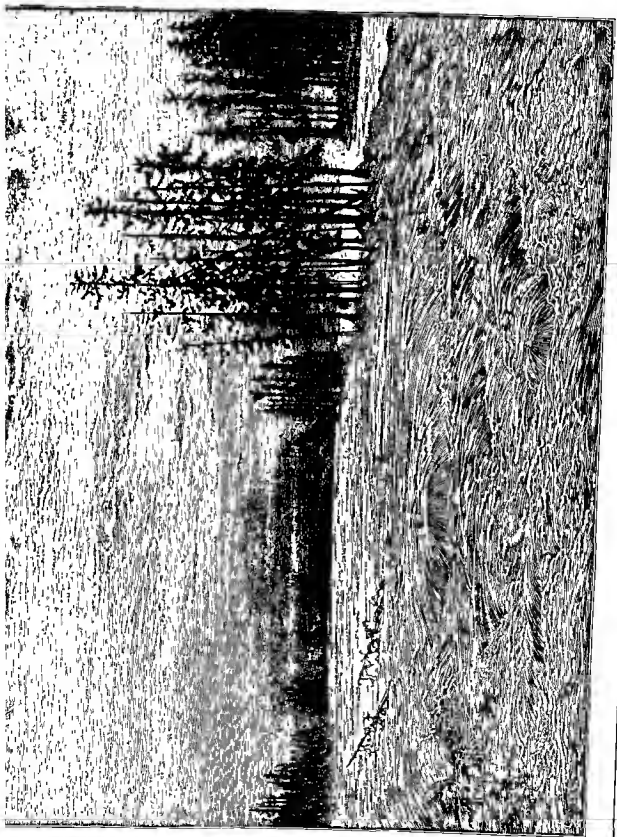
PLATE LXXII.

THE DEATH OF SAMSON.

THE well-known incident of Samson pulling down the house of the Philistines at Gaza, by which he and his enemies were crushed to death, is here energetically delineated.



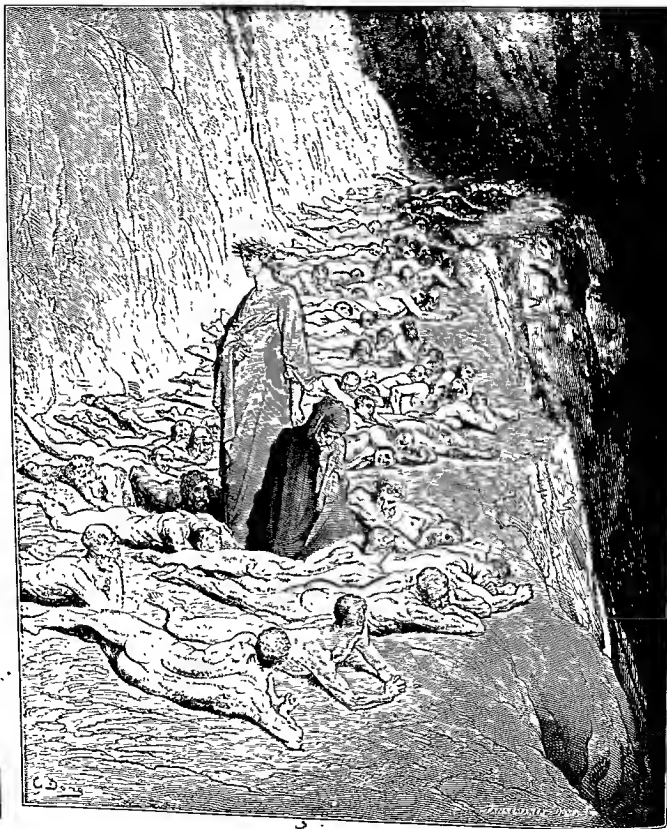
JESUS WALKING ON THE SEA.



THE NIAGARA ABOVE THE FALLS



THE DEATH OF SAMSON



3.
DANTE AND POPE ADRIAN V.



THE 'SPIRIT OF FILIPPO ARGENTI

Splendidly expressed is the huge toppling of the mighty pillars and cornices, while the panic-stricken rush of the people, and the tumbling down of those from above, give a terrible reality to the whole.

PLATE LXXIII.

DANTE AND POPE ADRIAN V.

ENTERING the fifth circle of Purgatory, where the sin of avarice is cleansed, Dante sees a large number of spirits lying prone on the ground, weeping sorely, and repeating, with sighs that almost choke their utterance, the words from Psalm cxix., "My soul cleaveth to the dust: quicken thou me, according to thy word." One of them, being exhorted to reveal the cause of their position and their grief, says that they are expiating the sin of worldly covetousness. The speaker is Pope Adrian V., who died thirty-nine days after he had attained the Pontificate, in 1276. Addressing Dante, he says:—

"A month, as I told you, by proof I learn
With what a weight that robe of sovereign
Upon his shoulder sits who from the mire
Would guard it, that each other lord I seem
Not feathers in the balance. Late, as I
Was my companion: but, when I became
Rome's pastor, I discern'd at once the dream
And cozenage of life, saw that the heart
Rested not there, and yet no power he had
Lured on the climbers: wherefore, of that life
No more enamour'd, in my bosom live
Of purer being kin'dle I." *Dante's Div. Comedy, Canto VII., lines 101-112*

Dante kneels to this spirit, and is asked by him why he does so. "Compunctious," he replies, "and inward awe of your high dignity." To this the sometime Pope administers a fine rebuke, exclaiming:—

"Up, brother! upon thy feet
Arise; ere thou thy fellow-servant I
(Thine as I all others) of one Sovereign Power!" *Dante's Div. Comedy, Canto VII., lines 113-115*

The landscape, as represented by M. Duré, is one of those grand pictures of stupendous rockiness in which he excels. The interminable line of prostrate figures is also very remarkable.

PLATE LXXIV

THE SPIRIT OF FILIPPO ARGENTI

While crossing the Stygian lake, which lies at the bottom of the sixth circle of Hell, and in which the wrathful and gloomy are tormented, Dante and Virgil are assailed by

a spirit who, drenched in mire, rises out of the slimy and rotting waters. The Florentine replies that he knows him, disguised though he is in filth.

"Then stretch'd he forth
Hands to the bark, whereof my teacher saith
Aware, thrusting him back. 'Away! down there
To the other dogs!'"

Inferno, Canto VIII., lines 33—41.

The spirit is Filippo Argenti, a Florentine remarkable for great size and bodily vigour, and also for extreme waywardness and irascibility. When Dante sees the other spirits of "the murky tribes" set fiercely on the wretch, and whelm him in the dregs of the lake, he renders thanks and praise to God! It may be questioned whether poor Filippo could have done anything worse than that.

PLATE LXXV.

JOB AND HIS FRIENDS.

THE celebrated visit paid to Job by his three friends is here represented in an effective drawing, showing throughout the squalid and abject misery from which the chief actor is suffering.

PLATE LXXVI.

THE DEEP MID-FOREST.

M. Doré has here shown us one of the pausing-places in the flight of Atala and Chactas. Companioned only by each other and the wild creatures of the wood, the lovers are resting by the side of a small stream that creeps darkling through the midst of a dense Floridan forest. The feeling of the story is beautifully preserved, and the plate altogether is a wonderful illustration of forest scenery in the part of America to which the narrative refers. With admirable art has M. Doré represented that combination of deep, receding gloom with minute elaboration of leafage, spray, and parasitical vegetation, which is characteristic of the vast woodlands found in proximity to the tropics. The engraving almost equals oil-painting in colour, tone, richness, and body.

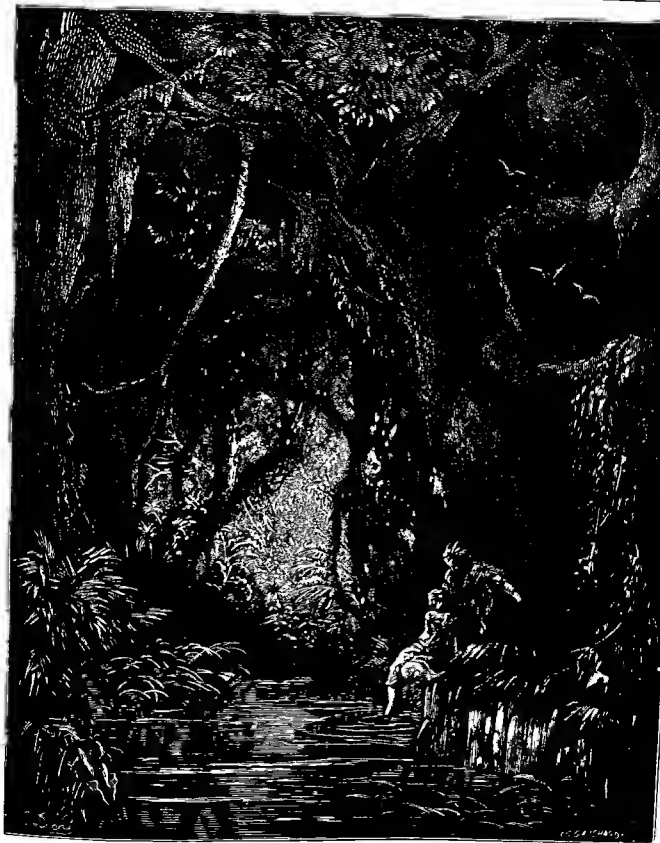
PLATE LXXVII.

JACOB WRESTLING WITH THE ANGEL.

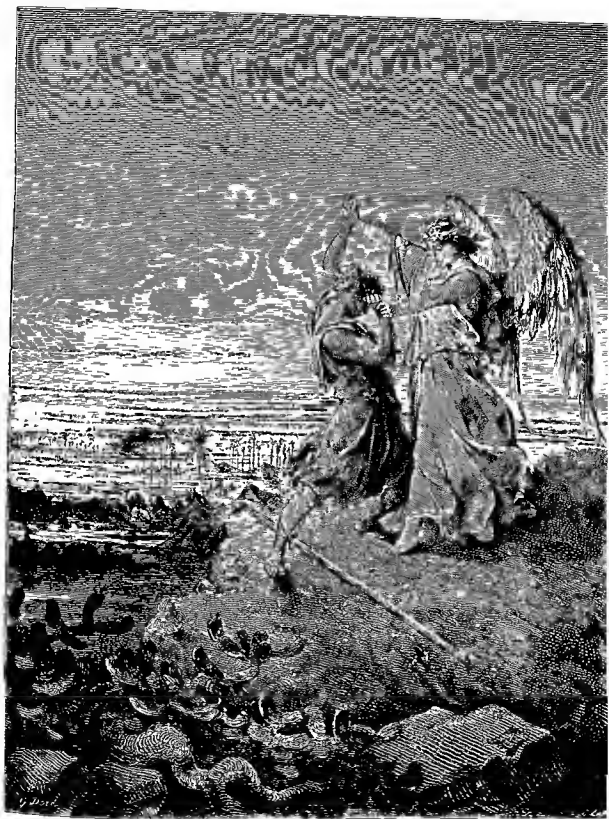
THE wrestling of Jacob with an angel is described in Genesis xxxii. 24—29. M. Doré's illustration of the incident has something of the strenuous simplicity of the old Italian masters in the treatment of the two figures. The landscape is very solitary and Eastern, and the breaking of daylight over the distance extremely tender and delicate.



JOB AND HIS FRIENDS.



THE DEEP MID FOREST.





THE CONFERENCE WITH THE ANGEL RAPHAEL.





The spirits in this way present to the eye, letter by letter, the words. *Diligite justitiam, qui judicatis terram—i.e., "Love righteousness, ye that be judges of the earth,"* a phrase in the Wisdom of Solomon.

"In the M

Of the fifth word they held their station,
 Making the star seem silver streak'd with gold;
 And on the summit of the M I saw
 Descending other lights, that rested there,
 Singing, methinks, their bliss and primal good.
 Then, as, at shaking of a lighted brand,
 Sparkles innumerable on all sides
 Rise scatter'd, source of augury to the unwise;
 Thus more than thousand twinkling lustres hence
 Seem'd reascending, and a higher pitch
 Some mounting, and some less, e'en as the sun
 Which kindleth them decreed."

Lines 86—93.

The illustration is another of M. Doré's fine glimpses into ethereal space.

PLATE LXXX.

THE ROMAN WIDOW AND THE EMPEROR TRAJAN.

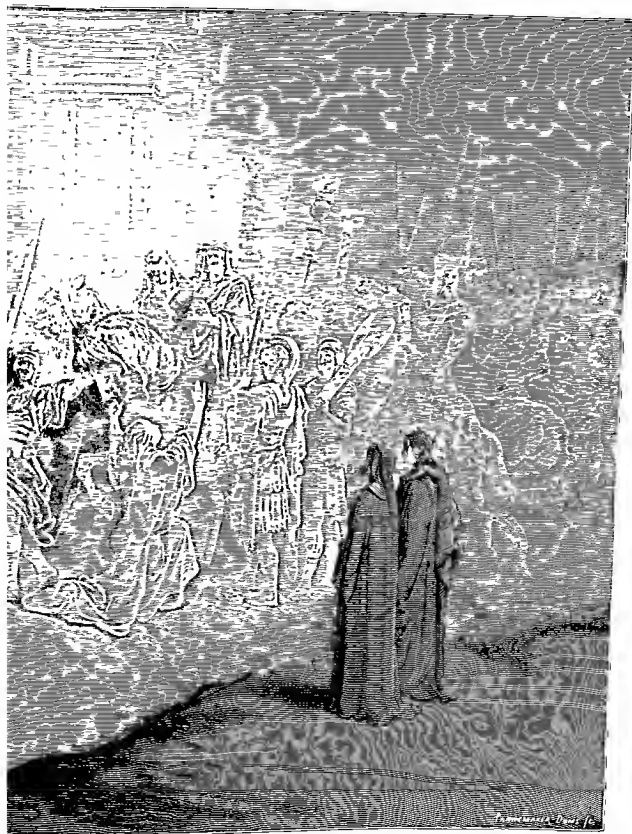
A CERTAIN portion of the Mount of Purgatory, formed of white marble, is engraved with figures representing stories illustrative of the virtue of humility. ("Purgatorio," Canto X.) Among these is that anecdote of Trajan (sometimes told also of Hadrian) which relates that one day, when setting out on an expedition, surrounded by his legions, he was accosted by a widow, who with tears exclaimed, "Grant me vengeance, sire. My son is murdered." Trajan replied, "Wait till I return." "But if you do not return?" urged the widow. "Then my successor will right you," said the Emperor. The widow, still pressing her case, asked, "What, sire, is another's good to you, if you neglect your own?" Upon which the Emperor said, "It seems that my duty should be performed ere I move hence. So justice wills, and pity bids me stay."

The scene as represented by M. Doré has a look at once sculpturesque and visionary.

PLATE LXXXI.

THE CHILD MOSES ON THE NILE.

ON the birth of Moses, the mother, unable for long to evade the decree of Pharaoh, that all the male children of the Hebrews should be thrown into the Nile, made a small ark of bulrushes for the infant, and committed it to the water. (Exodus ii) The illustration shows the child floating on the river in the darkness of night, accompanied by guardian angels.



THE ROMAN WIDOW AND THE EMPEROR TRAJAN.



THE CHILD MOSAS ON THE NILE

THE NILE

cy-boss



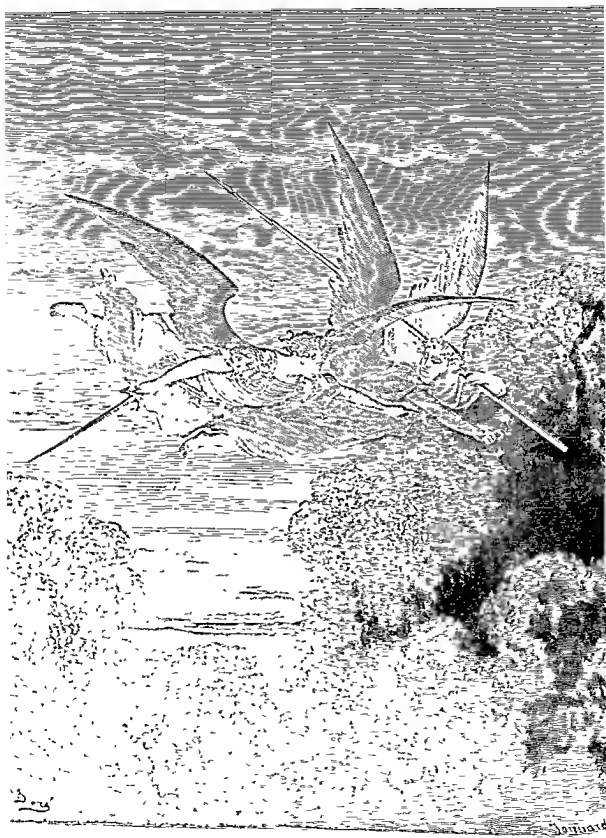


PLATE LXXXII.

THE FURIES BEFORE THE GATES OF DIS

THE progress of Dante and Virgil, when, by the aid of Phleggyas, they have crossed the Stygian lake, and arrived before the walls of the city of Dis, is barred by three hellish furies, which suddenly start out from the burning top of one of the towers. These creatures, which are stained with blood, are in limb and motion feminine. Around them green hydras are twisted in rolling volumes, and adders and cerastes creep about their heads instead of hair, and bind their fierce temples. Virgil, who well knows these miserable hags as guardians of the city of endless woe and gloom, points out to Dante which is Megæra, which Aleceto, and which Tisiphone; for these terrible beings are the Eumenides, or Furies, of the Greek mythology.

"This said, in silence he remain'd.
 Their breast they each one clawing tore, themselves
 Smote with their palms, and such thrill clamour rais'd
 That to the bard I clung, suspicion-bound.
 'Hasten, Medusa I so to adamant
 Him shall we change,' all, looking down, exclaim'd;
 'E'en when, by Theseus' might assail'd, we took
 No ill revenge.' 'Turn thyself round, and keep
 Thy countenance hid; for if the Gorgon dre
 Be shown, and thou shouldst view it, thy return
 Upwards would be for ever lost.' This said,
 Himself, my gentle master, turn'd me round;
 Nor trusted he my hands, but with his own
 He also hid me"

Inferno, Canto IX, lines 49-62.

The philosophical poet takes care to inform his readers that all this is to be understood in a mystical or symbolical sense, as signifying certain vices and passions of the soul, and the aids by which we are to repel them. At length, by the help of an angel, who comes across the dark waters of the Stygian lake like a rushing wind, terrible and loudly crashing, Virgil and Dante are enabled to enter the city of Dis.

PLATE LXXXIII.

ITHURIEL AND ZEPHON.

GABRIEL, who has command of the spirits appointed to watch over Paradise during the dark, sets two angels to keep guard over the bower of Adam and Eve on the night when Satan has obtained entrance into the happy enclosure. These are Ithuriel and Zephon—

Hebrew names, meaning respectively "the discovery of God," and "a secret," or "searcher of secrets." Arriving at the bower, they find Satan sitting at the ear of Eve, "squat like a toad," essaying to poison her mind with illusions, vain hopes, inordinate desires, pride, and discontent.

"Hun thus intent, Ithuriel with his spear
 Touch'd lightly; for no falsehood can endure
 Touch of celestial temper, but returns
 Of force to its own likeness: up he starts,
 Discover'd and surprised." *Paradise Lost, Book IV., lines 810-814.*

In the illustration, the two angels are seen winging their way towards the bower.

PLATE LXXXIV.

DAVID AND JONATHAN.

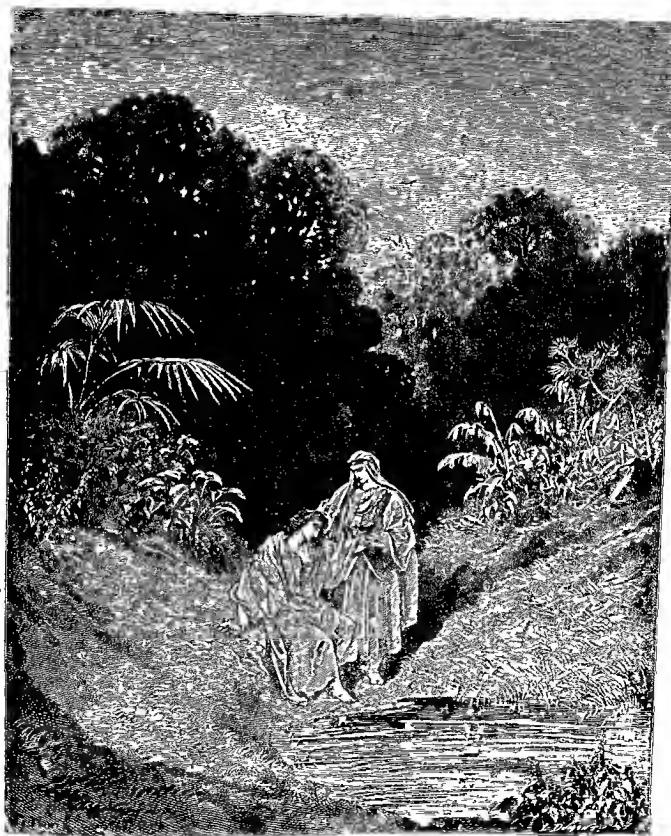
DAVID, having fled from his house after the attempt on his life by Saul, sought counsel with the king's son, Jonathan, who was tenderly attached to him. (1 Samuel xx.) Their conference took place in a solitary spot, represented by M. Doré with great beauty and effect.

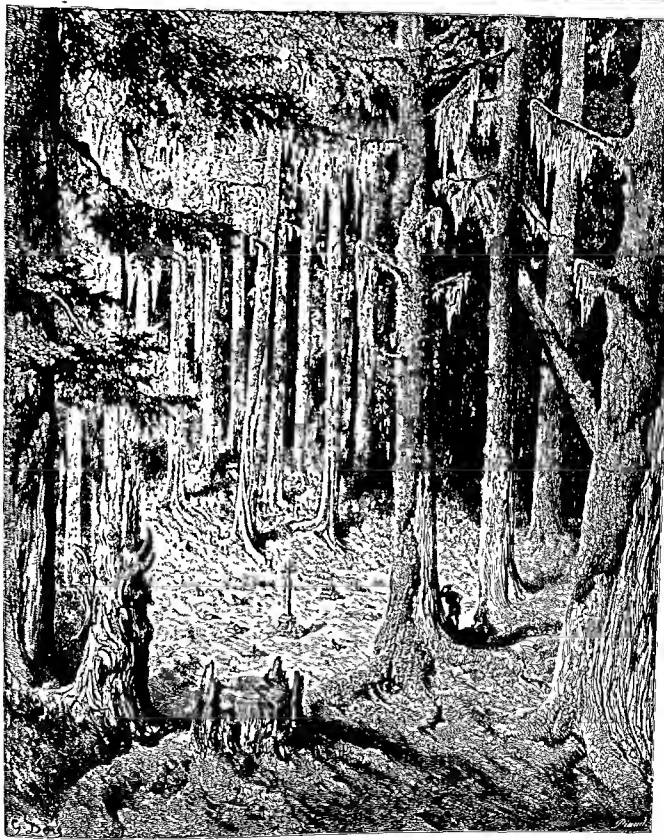
PLATE LXXXV.

THE BURIAL-GROUND IN THE FIR-FOREST.

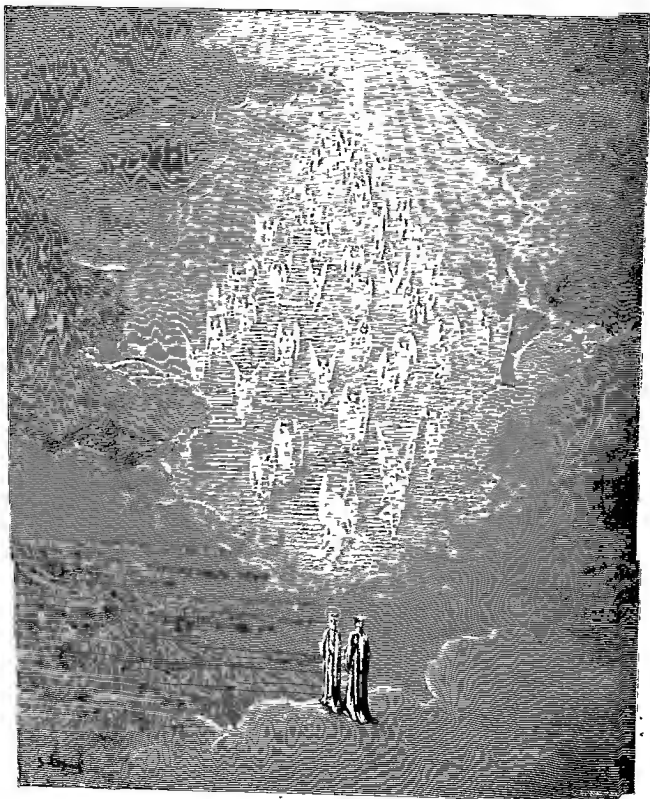
CHACTAS, Atala, and Father Aubry, in making their way to the Mission, find themselves in front of the Cemetery of the Christianised Indians—a ground which the natives designate the Groves of Death. The soil is divided into as many lots as there are families. Each lot forms a wood of itself, varying according to the taste of those who have planted it. Through the midst of the trees winds a stream called the River of Peace. "This smiling refuge of souls," says Chactas, "was closed on the east by the bridge beneath which we had passed; two hills bounded it on the north and on the south; and it was open only towards the west, where stood a large forest of fir-trees. The trunks of these trees, spotted with green, and growing without branches up to their very summits, resembled tall columns, and formed the peristyle of this temple of death. We remarked a religious sound, similar to the half-suppressed murmurs of an organ beneath the roof of a church; but when we had penetrated into the interior of the sanctuary, we could hear nothing beyond the hymns of the birds, celebrating an eternal fête to the memory of the dead."

The fir-trees are drawn with a fine discrimination of the particular characteristics of those noble growths; and the inner darkness of the forest is felicitously suggested.





THE BURIAL GROUND IN THE FIR FOREST.





MARCO LONARDO.

PLATE LXXXVI.

THE VISION OF THE GOLDEN LADDER.

ON ascending with Beatrice to the seventh heaven, Dante sees reared up high into space a ladder, in colour like sun-illuminated gold, the top of which is quite beyond his ken, and down whose steps he

"—— saw the splendours in such multitude
 Descending, every light in heaven, methought,
 Was shed thence As the rooks, at dawn of day,
 Bestirring them to dry their feathers chill,
 Some speed their way afield, and homeward some,
 Returning, cross their flight; while some abide,
 And wheel around their airy lodge: so seem'd
 That glitterance, wafted on alternate wing,
 As upon certain stair it came, and clash'd
 Its shining" *Paradiso, Canto XXI, lines 29—38.*

The spirits thus beheld by the poet are the souls of those who had passed their lives in retirement, austerity, and sacred contemplation. One of these, who on earth had been Pietro Damiano, a hermit of the eleventh century, speaks with Dante, and laments, as he had lamented in life, the luxury of the clergy. Upon which, says the poet—

"I at those accents saw the splendours down
 From step to step alight, and wheel, and wax,
 Each circuiting, more beautiful Round this

(i.e., the spirit of Pietro Damiano)

They came, and stay'd them; uttered then a shout,
 So loud it hath no likeness here, nor I
 Wist what it spake, so deafening was the thunder."

Lines 128—133.

This singularly beautiful passage has been represented by M. Doré with, perhaps, as near an approach to a realisation of the glittering vision as could be made to the physical eye. Something of the glancing rain of brightness is there; something of the immeasurable progression.

PLATE LXXXVII.

MARCO LOMBARDI.

VIRGIL and Dante, having reached the third circle of Purgatory, where the sin of anger is expiated, are enveloped in a dense, gross fog. They hear through the darkness the voices of various spirits praying for peace, and chanting always, as the prelude to their supplications,

the words "Agnus Dei" in perfect unison. After awhile, another voice addresses them, asking of Dante who he is who cleaves through the smoke, and speaks of the spirits as if he himself yet divided time by calends. Dante requests this spirit to accompany them, and he replies that he will do so as long as it is lawful for him to continue in their path; and, since seeing is impossible in the cloudy smoke, hearing, he says, shall keep them joined. He proves to be Marco Lombardo, a gentleman of reputation while in the world, yet apparently of a somewhat proud and fiery nature. The spirit addresses Dante on the doctrines of necessity and free-will, and denounces as guilty of error those who impute our actions to the former. ("Purgatorio," Canto XVI.)

PLATE LXXXVIII.

JACOB GOING INTO EGYPT.

THE passage here illustrated is from the forty-sixth chapter of Genesis, where it is related that "Jacob rose up from Beer-sheba; and the sons of Israel carried Jacob their father, and their little ones, and their wives, in the waggons which Pharaoh had sent to carry him. And they took their cattle, and the goods which they had gotten in the land of Canaan, and came into Egypt" (verses 5, 6).

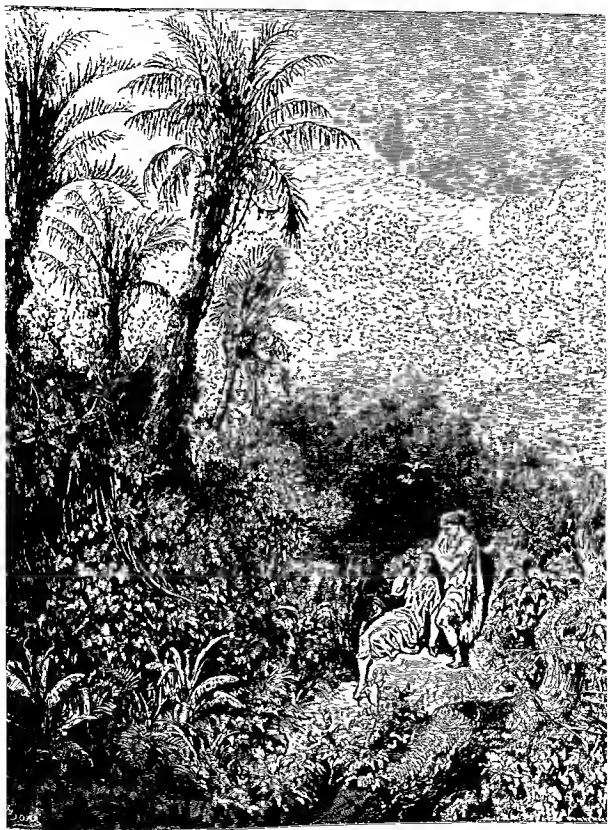
PLATE LXXXIX.

THE TOILET IN THE DESERT.

LOST in the desert on their flight from the Muscogulges and Siminoles, and perhaps not greatly desirous of expediting their movements now that they are safe, Atala and Chactas fall to amusing themselves in true lover-like fashion. The fair young Indian makes her companion a cloak out of some ash-bark, and embroiders him a pair of musk-rat-skin moccasins with porcupine's hair. Chactas, on the other hand, places on the head of Atala a crown of blue mallows, such as grow in the abandoned Indian cemeteries, and fashions for her a necklace of red azalea-berries. This is the scene which M. Doré has prettily illustrated.



JACOB GOING INTO EGYPT.





SATAN IN PARADISE.



ARISHTAI SAVING THE LIFE OF DAVID

PLATE XCII.

THE HEAVENLY CHOIR.

IN the eighth heaven, Dante hears the blessed spirits chanting:—

"Then 'Glory to the Father, to the Son,
And to the Holy Spirit,' rang aloud
Throughout all Paradise; that with the song
My spirit reel'd, so passing sweet the strain.
And what I saw was equal ecstasy:
One universal smile it seem'd of all things;
Joy past compare; gladness unutterable;
Imperishable life of peace and love;
Exhaustless riches, and unmeasured bliss."

Paradise, Canto XXVII., lines 1—9.

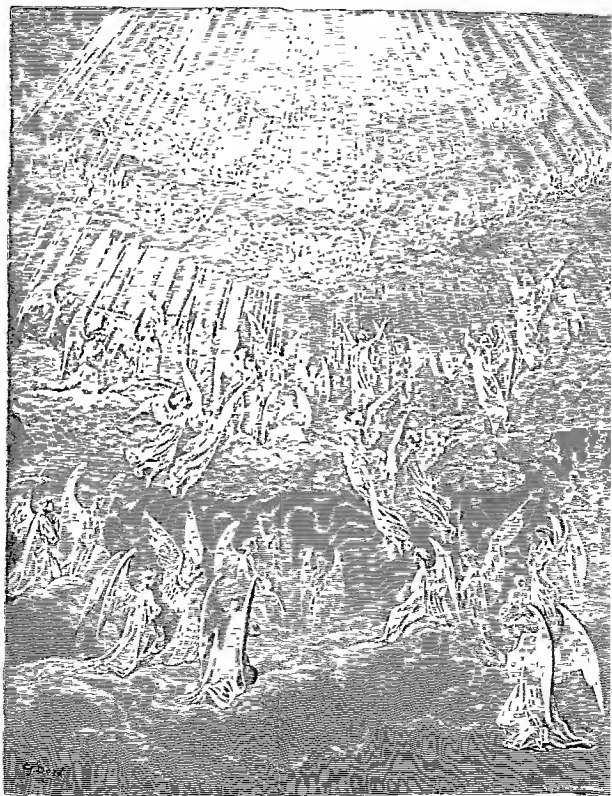
This is one of M. Doré's most astonishing conceptions of infinity and beatitude. The shining circles upon circles of angels fill the eye with the sense of "numbers numberless," and the glory that strikes down from the upper part of the picture seems to come from the very heights of Heaven.

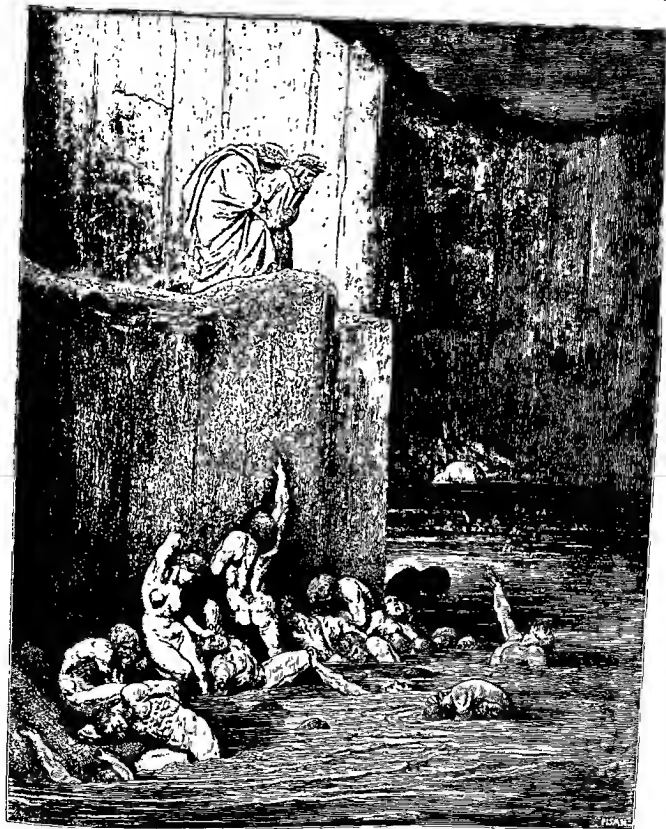
PLATE XCIII.

THE PUNISHMENT OF FLATTERERS.

THE eighth circle of Hell, according to Dante, is divided into ten gulfs, the second of which is assigned to the punishment of flatterers. Here the poet describes a large number of spirits, who make a low, melancholy, gibbering sound, snorting with wide-stretched nostrils, and smiting themselves with their palms. From the pit ascends a foul steam, which condenses into a scurfy incrustation on the banks. Dante and Virgil, gazing down into the gulf, see that the wretched souls are immersed in filth; but one in particular is observed by the Florentine, with head so grimed that it is hard to distinguish him. The spirit, perceiving himself observed, asks Dante why he takes greater note of him than of the other filthy ones. "Because," answers Dante, "if my memory is true, I have seen thee before. Thou art Alessio, of Lucca." The other, beating on his brain, rejoins, "My flatteries have sunk me thus low: I could never sufficiently glut my tongue with them." Virgil then points out to his companion the figure of Thaïs, the courtesan; and they pass on their way. ("Inferno," Canto XVIII.)

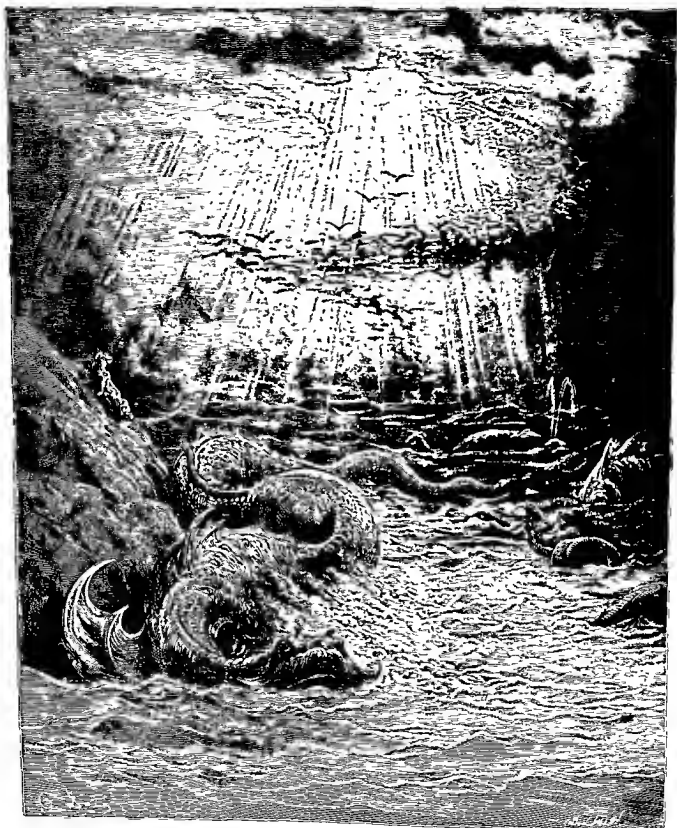
The landscape is oppressed with a squalid gloom, and the struggling figures in the lake show the extremity of base, sordid, and undignified suffering.







THE PERILOUS PASS.



THE CREATION OF FISH AND BIRDS

PLATE XCIV.

THE PERILOUS PASS.

REACHING the eighth and last cornice of Purgatory, Dante, accompanied by Virgil and Statius, makes his way along a rocky precipice, from the walls of which burst forth redundant flames, forcibly driven back by a violent wind.

"Behoved us, one by one, along the side
That border'd on the void, to pass, and I
Fear'd on one hand the fire, on the other fear'd
Headlong to fall; when thus the instructor warn'd;
'Strict rein must in this place direct the eyes.
A little swerving, and the way is lost.'

"Then, from the bosom of the burning mass,
'O God of mercy!' heard I sung, and felt
No less desire to turn. And when I saw
Spirits along the flame proceeding, I
Between their footsteps and mine own was fain
To share by turns my view." *Purgatorio, Canto XXV, lines 111—122.*

It then appears that the spirits whose voices come out of the fire have been guilty on earth of incontinence; and they are now heard to record and commend remarkable instances of chastity.

The scene as here represented is very powerful. The artist is always particularly successful in his treatment of rocky and mountainous forms—successful, at any rate, from the pictorial and ideal point of view, whether the geologists be satisfied or not.

PLATE XCV.

THE CREATION OF FISH AND BIRDS.

THIS striking picture, so full of the strangeness of newly-developed life, and of the luminous yet cloudy brooding of creative Power, is an illustration of the passage in "Paradise Lost" describing the creation of fishes and birds.

"And God said, Let the waters generate
Reptile with spawn abundant, living soul,
And let fowl fly above the earth, with wings
Display'd on the open firmament of heaven.
And God created the great whales, and each
Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously

CASSELL'S DORÉ GALLERY.

The waters generated by their kinds;
 And every bird of wing after his kind;
 And saw that it was good, and bless'd them, saying,
 Be fruitful, multiply, and in the seas,
 And lakes, and running streams, the waters fill:
 And let the fowl be multiplied on the earth."

Book VII., lines 387-398.

Milton's poetry here very closely follows the account in the first chapter of Genesis

PLATE XCVI.

SATAN SMITTEN BY MICHAEL

THE opposing forces of the rebel angels and of the army of God being brought face to face, according to the narrative of Milton, and parley being exhausted, the struggle commences. Satan and the archangel Michael engage in single combat, the others retiring for a space to avoid "the wind of such commotion," which, says the poet, was far greater than would be made by two planets rushing against one another in mid-sky, and confounding their jarring spheres in some general dissolution of Nature's concord.

"The sword

Of Michael from the armoury of God
 Was given him temper'd so that neither keen
 Nor solid might resist that edge: it met
 The sword of Satan, with steep force to smite
 Descending, and in half cut sheer; nor stay'd,
 But, with swift wheel reverse, deep entering, shared
 All his right side. Then Satan first knew pain,
 And writhed him to and fro, convolv'd; so sore
 The griding sword with discontinuous wound
 Pass'd through him: but the ethereal substance closed,
 Not long divisible; and from the gash
 A stream of nectarous humour issuing flow'd
 Sanguine, such as celestial spirits may bleed,
 And all his armour stain'd, erewhile so bright."

Paradise Lost, Book VI., lines 310-334.

The writhing figure of Satan is good; the bat-like wings full of evil suggestion; and the background dark, stormy, and chaotic—drift as of sand, and cloud, and darkness.



SATAN SMITTEN BY MICHAEL.





THE TORTURE OF THE FILKY RAIN.

PLATE XCVII.

THE SLAUGHTER OF THE SONS OF ZEDEKIAH.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR, King of Babylon, came with his host, and besieged Jerusalem. The city was at length reduced by famine; the men of war fled by night in one direction, and the king, Zedekiah, in another; but the latter, being overtaken, was brought up before the King of Babylon, to receive judgment for having rebelled against his suzerain. The children of the unfortunate monarch were slain before his eyes; his eyes were then put out, and, being bound with chains, he was taken a prisoner to Babylon (2 Kings xxv. 1-7). The destruction of the children is the point illustrated in the plate.

PLATE XCVIII.

THE TORTURE OF THE FIERY RAIN.

THE third of those compartments into which the seventh circle of the Dantesque Hell is divided is a plain of dry, hot sand, where various kinds of sin are punished. Flakes of fire are eternally falling down on the spirits, making the marl beneath glow as under a stove; and one of the chief sufferers is Capaneus, the impious Argive mentioned in several ancient authors, who, when he went to the Theban war, declared that he would take Thebes even in spite of Jupiter: upon which he was immediately struck dead with a thunderbolt. He is now heard repeating his blasphemies, and declaring that nothing shall ever induce him to submit to the celestial Power. Dante's description of the region and its inhabitants is extremely fine.

"A plain we reach'd, that from its sterile bed
Each plant repell'd. The mournful wood waves round
Its garland on all sides, as round the wood
Spreads the sad fess.

"O'er all the sand fell, slowly wafting down,
Dilated flakes of fire, as flakes of snow
On Alpine summit when the wind is hush'd.
.

Unceasing was the play of wretched hands,
Now this, now that way glancing, to shake off
The heat, still falling fresh."

Inferno, Canto XIV., lines 9-39.

The plate is worthy of this description; and the figures, though small and crowded, are full of expression.

PLATE XCIX.

THE VISION OF THE CROSS.

BEATRICE having carried Dante into the fifth heaven, which is situated in the planet Mars, they behold the souls of those who had died in the crusades, on behalf of the Christian religion, ranged in the sign of a cross.

"Christ

Beam'd on that cross; and pattern falls me now.

.

. From horn to horn,

And 'tween the summit and the base, did move

Lights, acinillating as they met and part'd."

Paradise, Canto XIV., lines 95-105.

Angels move athwart this cross. to the sound of a hymn which holds Dante in a state of rapture for some time.

PLATE C.

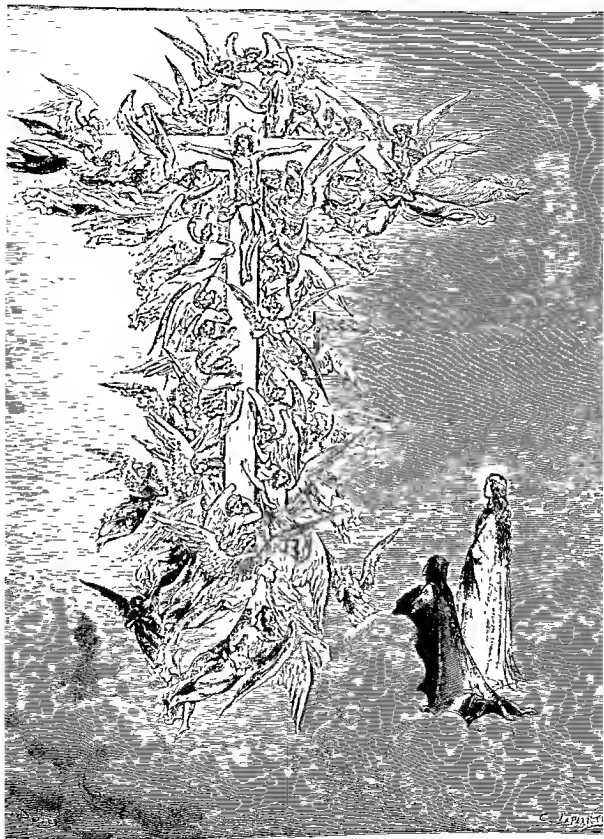
THE WIDOW'S MITE.

It would be superfluous to repeat in this place the well-known parable of the Widow's Mite; but we may be allowed to call attention to the highly dramatic character of M. Doré's rendering of the story, and to the admirable contrast between the vulgar ostentation and pert self-satisfaction of the rich man, and the shrinking humbleness of the widow dropping her poor offering into the jar. The accessories, also, are extremely well worked out.

PLATE CI.

"TIGRIS, AT THE FOOT OF PARADISE."

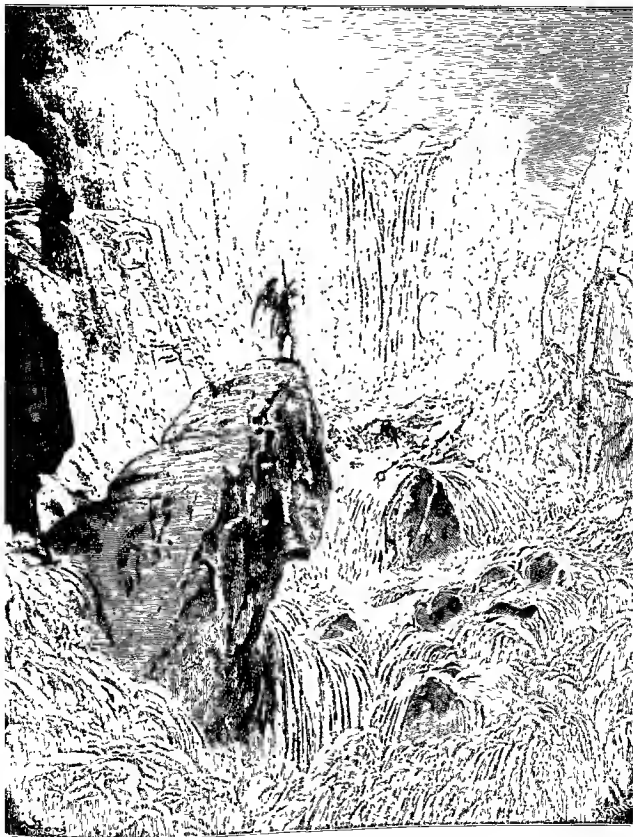
FOILED in his first attempt to establish himself in Paradise, on which occasion he is repelled by Gabriel (as told in connection with Plate LXXXIII.), Satan determines to embark again on the same enterprise, and chooses for his means of approach a gulf "where Tigris, at the foot of Paradise," sank underground, and pursued its way until part "rose up a fountain by the Tree of Life." The Fiend plunges in with the river, and with it rises again, involved in mist and foam. ("Paradise Lost," Book IX.) We see him in the illustration contemplating the gulf previous to throwing himself into its winding,



THE VISION OF THE CROSS.



THE WIDOW'S MITE.



"TIGRIS, AT THE FOOT OF PARADISE."





subterranean ways. The solitary figure in the midst of so savage and wild a scene is very tremendous; and the craggy rocks and tumbling waters seem impressed with all the terror and sublimity of unregulated Nature.

PLATE CII.

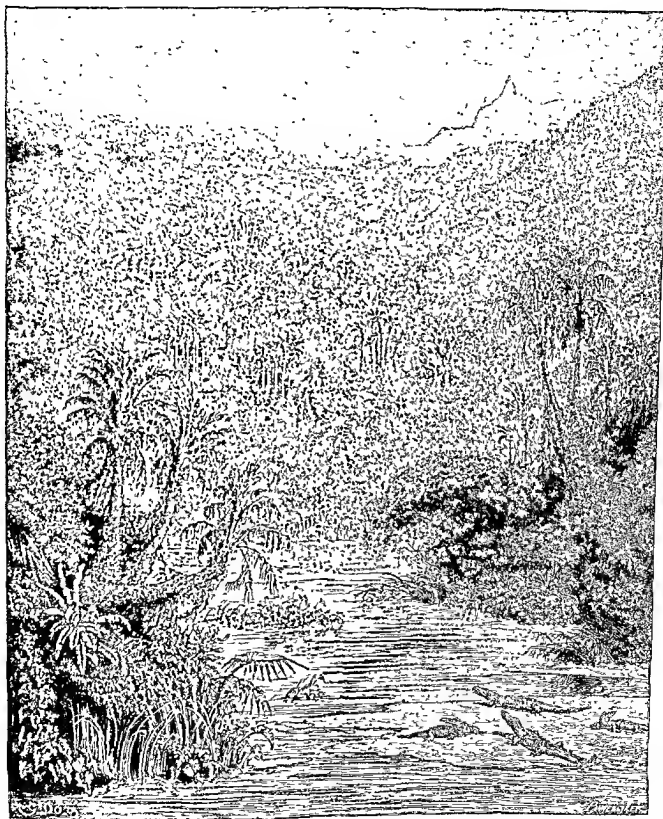
CHARLES MARTEL.

IN the planet of Venus, constituting the third heaven, Dante sees the spirit of Charles Martel, King of Hungary, and son of Charles II., King of Naples and Sicily, to which realms he would have succeeded had he survived his parent. During his mortal life, Charles Martel had been a good friend to Dante, whom he is supposed to have known at Florence when he went there to meet his father in 1295, the year of his death. He now greets the poet, and tells him that much evil would have been averted from Italy had he lived longer. (See Canto VIII. of the "Paradiso.")

PLATE CIII.

DON QUIXOTE IN HIS LIBRARY.

HERE we enter on the glorious territory of Cervantes—the wonderful Quixote-land of romance, humour, and grotesqueness. The Don is seated in his study, reading his beloved books of chivalrous adventure. With the face of one possessed, with kindling eye, dilated nostril, and gaping mouth, his hand brandishing a sword in the energy of his intense realisation of what he is perusing, the grand old fanatic gives himself up to the influences of the moment. "A world of disorderly notions, picked out of his books, crowded into his imagination." We see them depicted all around him as he sits alone (alone, except for these phantom companions) in the library of his gloomy ancestral mansion. The dusky air of the room is alive with prodigious figures. Knights are there, in full armour, and mounted on curvetting steeds; pages blowing clarions before some mortal onslaught; damsels appealing for succour; ogres, dragons, griffins, indescribable monsters; the head of a giant of portentous size, and the towers of an enchanted castle. The plate introduces us into the very arcana of the Don's diseased brain.



SCENERY ON THE MISSISSIPPI.



THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE ANT.



THE PEOPLE MOURNING OVER JERUSALEM.







the night, and her tears are on her cheeks: among all her lovers she hath none to comfort her: all her friends have dealt treacherously with her; they are become her enemies. . . . The ways of Zion do mourn, because none come to the solemn feasts: all her gates are desolate: her priests sigh, her virgins are afflicted, and she is in bitterness. . . . All her people sigh; they seek bread; they have given their pleasant things for meat to relieve the soul" (i. 1—11).

PLATE CVII.

SANCHO TOSSED IN A BLANKET.

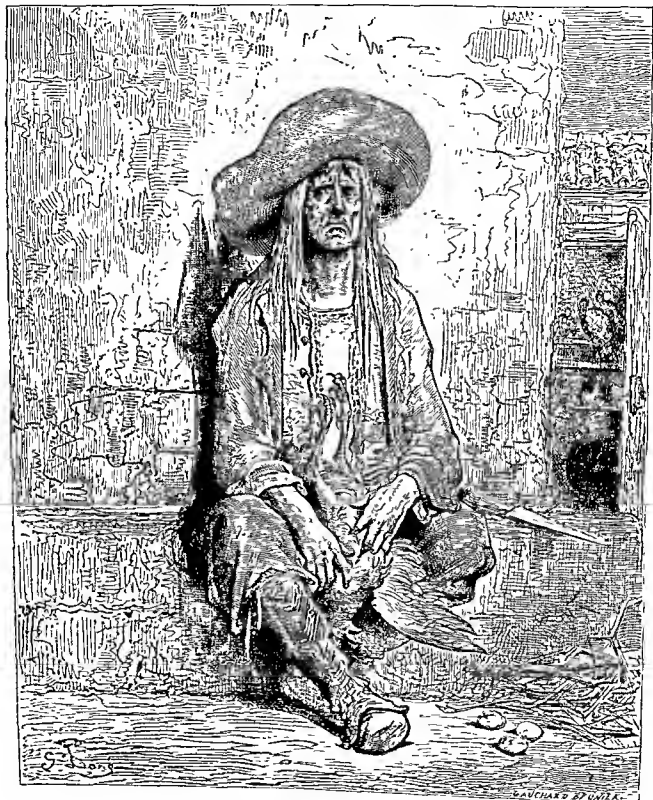
OUR readers must be well acquainted with the famous incident in "Don Quixote," where the knight, having ridden away (without paying his reckoning) from the inn which he mistakes for a castle, is presently induced to return owing to the absence of Sancho, when he finds that worthy being tossed in a blanket in the inn-yard by four Segovia clothiers, three Cordova point-makers, and two Seville hucksters—"all brisk, gamesome, arch fellows" (Part I., Chapter 16). The illustration is at once humorous and picturesque. Sancho's ludicrous helplessness is capital, and the Don looking over the inn-yard is natural even in the midst of his grotesqueness. The inn and the wall of the yard have doubtless been studied from fact: the whole has a hot, arid, thoroughly Spanish look.

PLATE CVIII.

SINBAD AMONGST THE SERPENTS.

IN this picture is powerfully rendered the horror of the situation in which Sinbad, the sailor, found himself after being deposited by a monstrous bird in "a very deep valley, encompassed by mountains, that seemed to reach above the clouds, and so steep that there was no possibility of getting out of the valley." This was the Valley of Diamonds. One or two elements enhancing the strength of the representation are easily noticed. There are the bare and rugged peaks, the clump of thirsty palm-trees, and the gnarled stump projecting from the side of the cliff—all suggesting desolation. In striking contrast to this, we have depicted the writhings of the serpents with such power that we almost seem to hear them hiss. Terror also is easily seen to affect the movements of the few members of the party who, although surrounded by diamonds of the most precious kind, are nevertheless in a very unenviable position.





GAUCHARD & UNTER.



a tone of very high morality; and at any rate it seems a malignant thing on the part of Dante to hold up to execration one who appears to have treated him with much kindness.

PLATE CX.

THE HEN WITH THE GOLDEN EGGS (LA FONTAINE).

A CERTAIN miser had a hen that laid golden eggs. Thinking to possess himself of the whole treasure at once, he killed the hen; but, on cutting it up, found it was a bird of the ordinary description. The figure is a capital piece of drawing of the caricature order.

PLATE CXI.

AN ANIMAL IN THE MOON.

It does not require a particularly close scrutiny to perceive that the philosophers surrounding the telescope are very much in earnest about something. The fact is they have discovered a monstrous animal in the moon, and the importance attached by them to this discovery is seen distinctly enough in the serious aspect of their countenances and their whole behaviour. The scene is taken from a passage in La Fontaine's Fables. After speaking in a happy, bantering strain about philosophers who argued—

"That all men are dukes,
And that their senses lead the fools in troops,"

and also about other philosophers that

"Reverse this quite,
And prove that man is nearly always right,"

he tells us that—

"Not long ago, in England men perplexed,
Saw, in a telescope, what *sapants* vexed,
A monster in this planet's mirror fair;
Wild cries of horror filled the midnight air,
Some change was pending—some mysterious change
Predicting wars, or a misfortune strange
The monarch came, he favoured learned men;
The wondrous monstrous showed itself again.
It was a mouse between the glasses shut—
The source of war—the nibbler of a nut
The people laughed—oh, nation blessed with ease!
When will the French have time for toils like these?"

This is a good deal like the question that mysteriously afflicted the minds of the members of the Royal Society in the time of Charles I. The belief got ground that if a fish was put into a basin of water, the weight of the basin was not increased. The savans studied and puzzled over this problem until one happened to try the experiment. To his dismay he found that by adding the fish the weight *was* increased!

The moral of this story and of La Fontaine's Fable is pretty much the same, and amounts to this, that we must be careful in drawing conclusions. For lack of this care, men have often wasted a great deal of energy in seeking to discover the cause of a phenomenon that was really without basis in fact. This is how it is, too, in great part, that speculative thought has been regarded by most men as being little better than mere dreaming.

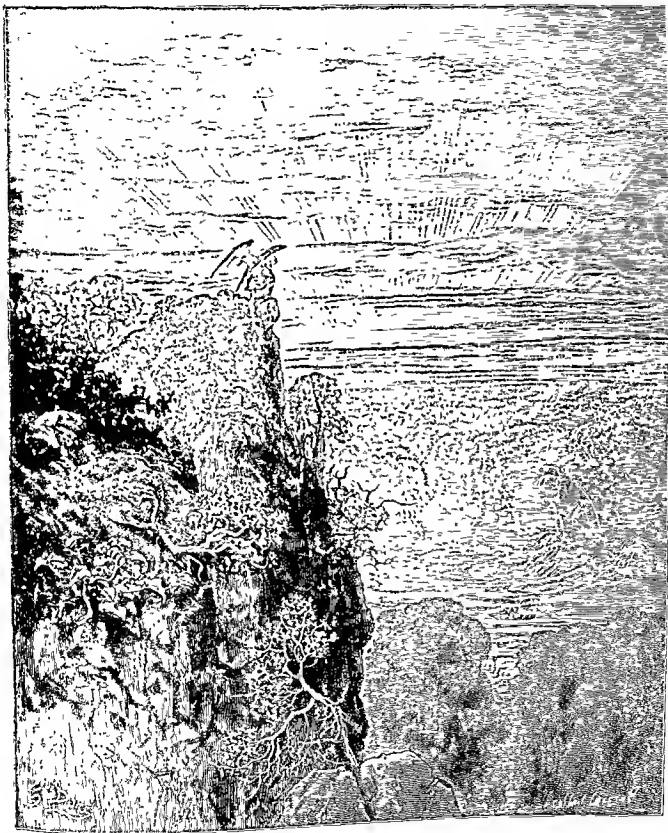
PLATE CXII.

SATAN OVERLOOKING PARADISE.

THE magnificent illustration to which we now refer represents the Fiend glancing from a high mount over the verdurous expanse of Paradise, stretched out before him on the occasion of his first approach towards the happy enclosure.

"So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champain head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides,
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access denied; and overhead upgrew
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene; and, as the ranks ascend
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of statest view. Yet higher than their tops
The verdurous wall of Paradise upsprung;
Which to our general sire gave prospect large
Into his nether empire neighbouring round;
And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodliest trees loaden with fairest fruit,
Blossoms and fruits at once, of golden hue,
Appear'd, with gay enamell'd colours mix'd;
On which the sun more glad impress'd his beams
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,

* See some interesting particulars in Mr. Teignmouth Shore's Introduction to *Manchausen* (Cassell's edition).



SATAN OVERLOOKING PARADISE.



DANIEL INTERPRETING THE WRITING ON THE WALL.



When God hath shower'd the earth, so lovely seem'd
That landskip

"Now to the ascent of that steep, savage hill
Satan had journey'd on, pensive and slow"

Paradise Lost, Book IV., lines 131—173.

The long stretches of billowy woodland beneath the mount, and the shrouded sun in the midst of the heavens, sending up golden arrows of radiance into the air, are beautiful features in this very poetical design.

PLATE CXIII.

DANIEL INTERPRETING THE WRITING ON THE WALL.

We here see the prophet Daniel interpreting the mysterious sentence which appeared on the walls of the palace of Belshazzar, as the monarch sat feasting, surrounded by his great nobles, his wives and his concubines. "Mene, mene, tekcl, upharsin." "Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting; thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and Persians." For this interpretation Daniel was clothed in scarlet and gold, and proclaimed the third ruler in the kingdom; but "in that night was Belshazzar the king of the Chaldeans slain; and Darius the Median took the kingdom." (Daniel v.)

The vast, uncouth, fantastic architecture of the palace, its monstrous figures of men and animals, its ponderous columns and architraves, and its strange enrichments (evidently studied from Assyrian models), are admirably drawn. Very good, also, are the great slanting beams of light striking down on the amazed groups.

PLATE CXIV.

THE SINGING OF THE BLESSED.

This is another portion of that wondrous vision of the eagle, beheld by Dante in the sixth heaven, which we have described in connection with Plate XLV.

"All those living lights,
Waxing in splendour, burst forth into songs,
Such as from memory glide and fall away"

Paradise, Canto XX., lines 10—12.

The eagle afterwards discourses in praise of certain kings.

PLATE CXV.

THE PRINCESS AND FAIRY SPITE.

IN this illustration from "The Fairy World," by Mr. Hood the Younger, we see the Princess in the celebrated old story of the Sleeping Beauty, talking, in a remote room in a turret of her father's palace, with the old fairy Spite, who works the enchantment recorded in the tale.

PLATE CXVI.

THE COMING OF RAPHAEL.

ADAM and Eve being in danger from the threatened temptation of Satan, the angel Raphael is dispatched to warn them. He is seen by Adam coming

"Through groves of myrrh,
And flowering odours, cassia, nard, and balm;
A wilderness of sweets." *Paradise Lost, Book V, lines 292—294.*

At this imposing vision, Adam calls out to Eve—

"Haste hither, Eve, and, worth thy sight, behold,
Eastward among those trees, what glorious shape
Comes this way moving: seems another morn
Risen on mid noon. Some great behent from Heaven
To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchsafe
This day to be our guest. But go with speed,
And what thy stores contain bring forth, and pour
Abundance, fit to honour and receive
Our heavenly stranger."

"Meanwhile, our primitive great sire, to meet
His godlike guest, walks forth; without more train
Accompanied than with his own complete
Perfections."

Lines 303—353.

The scene is a beautiful bit of lawn woodland, with the light of an angelic presence coming through the trees.

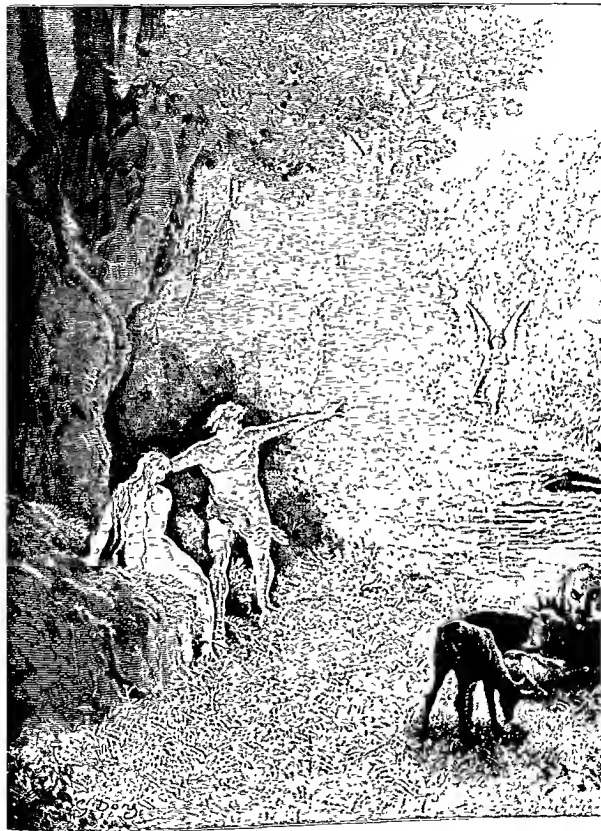
PLATE CXVII.

THE CONVERSION OF SAINT PAUL.

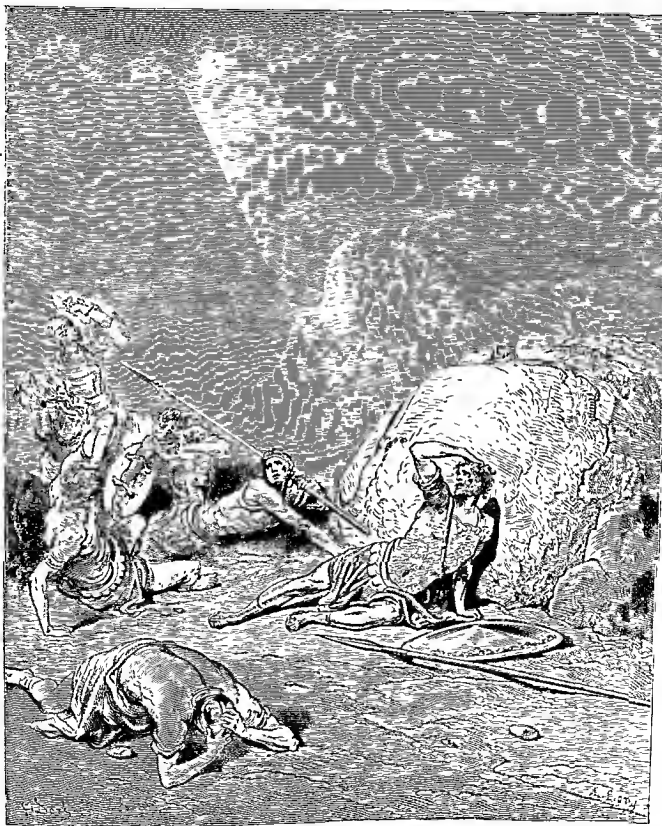
PAUL, originally called Saul, was in early manhood one of the bitterest persecutors of the primitive Christians. Having obtained letters from the Sanhedrim to the synagogue of



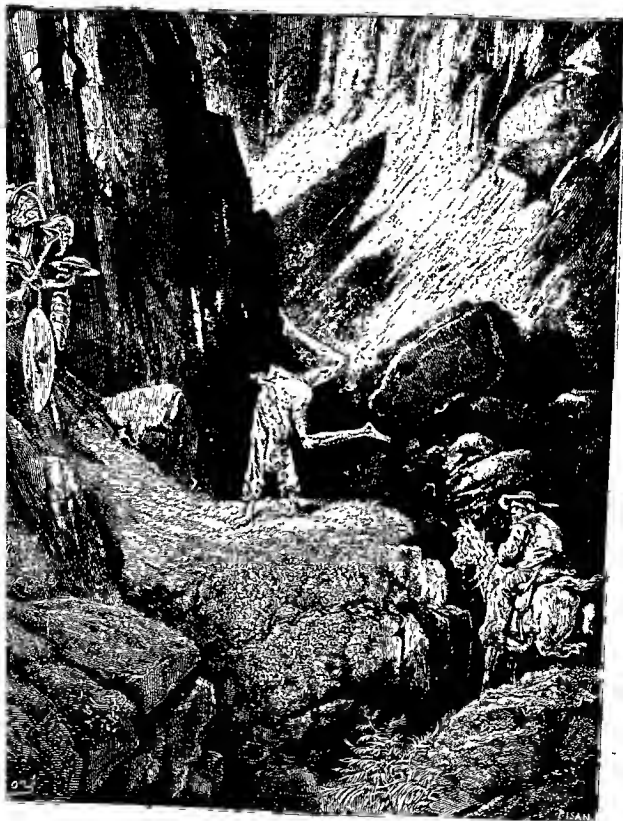
THE PRINCESS AND FAIRY SPITE.



THE COMING OF FAITHFUL



THE CONVERSION OF SAINT PAUL



THE ANTICS OF DON QUIXOTE



the Jews at Damascus, and likewise to the governor, authorising him to apprehend all followers of the new religion whom he might find there, and to bring them to Jerusalem, he departed towards the former city, and, when he had nearly reached it, was struck to the earth by a great light. The circumstances attending the conversion of Saint Paul are related in the ninth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. They are supposed to have occurred in the year 35 of the new era, two years after the crucifixion.

The broad, intense beam of light, pouring full on the smitten figure of Paul, and the soldier in the foreground burying his face in the earth to escape the terrible radiance, are well conceived and worked out.

PLATE CXVIII.

THE ANTICS OF DON QUIXOTE.

WANDERING about in the rocky and tree-shadowed deserts of the Sierra Morena, Don Quixote bethinks him that it would be a fine thing to be mad for a little while, as a means of expressing the intensity of his passion for the lovely Dulcinea del Toboso. In this respect he takes for his model the celebrated knights, Amadis of Gaul and Orlando Furioso, who "committed a hundred thousand extravagances, worthy to be recorded in the eternal register of fame." Before commencing these austere exercises, he charges Sancho with a letter to the lady, for the mad tricks must be performed in solitude. The squire departs, but, having been requested by his master to witness a few of his performances, he rides back some way, and sees the Don frisking about in his shirt, with his heels in the air (Part I., Chapter 24). And here we also see him, fixed by our artist in a gloomy gorge of the swart mountains.

PLATE CXIX.

FORTUNE AND THE LITTLE CHILD (LA FONTAINE).

A CHILD laid himself down to sleep beside a well. At that moment the goddess Fortune came by: she waked the little one, and said, "You see I have saved your life. The next time you go to sleep, be a little wiser. If you had fallen into the well, the fault would have been laid to me, though it would really have been your own. You must acknowledge that I was not to blame in the matter: it was no caprice of mine." And with these words Fortune vanished. She was in the right in what she said; for no one ever yet suffered a calamity without Fortune being blamed for it.

PLATE CXX.

THE GNARLED MONSTER.

MITAINE undertakes the perilous adventure of searching out and destroying the Fortress of Fear. Advancing through a dark and ominous country, full of terrifying aspects, which, however, on being faced, turn out to be mere illusions, she comes at length to a great ruined wall; "when suddenly a flash of lightning, cleaving the heavens, enabled her to discover a horrible monster gazing at her from its crest. It resembled the skeleton of a horse combined with those of an ostrich, a whale, and a giraffe. Its enormous head was supported by a disproportionately long neck, and its two claws, armed with immense talons, were seeking on the top of the wall for some point of vantage whence to leap upon her. Mitaine, taken by surprise, sprang back twenty paces; the monster took as many in advance. She sank upon her knee as it drew near, and felt its hot breath blowing upon her. 'By the shrine of Saint Landril I am acting like a child, and show myself little worthy to follow Charlemagne and Roland to battle.' She sprang up; the monster immediately recoiled. . . . She gave the wall a vigorous kick; the stones fell crumbling, and dragged with them a number of creepers and brambles a century old, breaking a poor harmless tree which had stood for ages, with its branches resting on the wall. Mitaine shrugged her shoulders, and moved on, saying, 'As I expected!'" (Mr. T. Hood's version of "Croquemitaine," Book III., Chapter 8.) The moral is to the effect that seeming dangers are apt to shrink into nothing the moment we boldly encounter them.

The weird and fantastic character of the illustration is very remarkable.

PLATE CXXI.

THE VISION OF THE VALLEY OF DRY BONES.

THE story of the dry bones, which the prophet was bidden to command to "hear the word of the Lord," and which, upon his preaching to them, came together with a great noise and shaking, is told in Ezekiel xxxvii. "And when I beheld, lo, the sinews and the flesh came up upon them, and the skin covered them above; but there was no breath in them." Then Ezekiel was bidden to prophesy to the wind, and to command it to breathe upon the dead, that they might live. "And the breath came into them, and they lived, and stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army" (verses 8—10).

The amount of expression which M. Doré has thrown into the fleshless figures is



THE GALLED MONSTER





extraordinary. Death and life are strangely united in these awakening skeletons, writhing in every variety of uncouth attitude—some terror-stricken, some agonised, some appealing—all with the great surprise of a new life made visible in their eyeless sockets and bony visages.

PLATE CXXII.

FARINATA DEGLI UBERTI.

ENTERING the city of Dis, Dante and Virgil perceive that the punishment of heretics consists in their being confined in tombs filled with fiercely-burning fire. They pass on between the sepulchres and the walls of the dolorous city, until Dante hears a voice hailing him as a Tuscan, his utterance declaring him to be a native of that noble land with which the speaker thinks he may, during his lifetime, have dealt too severely. The sounds issue from one of the vaults, and Virgil explains to Dante that he is being addressed by the spirit of Farinata degli Uberti, who has uplifted himself from the pit.

"On his face was mine
Already fix'd, his breast and forehead there
Erecting, seem'd as in high scorn he held
E'en hell."

Inferno, Canto X, lines 34—37.

Farinata was a noble Florentine, the leader of the Ghibelline or Imperial faction at the time when they obtained a great victory over the Guelph, or Papal party, at Montaperto, near the river Arbia. Dante himself was a Ghibelline in the later years of his life; but when writing the "Divina Commedia" he seems to have occupied a somewhat neutral position, though undoubtedly inspired with a strong sense of Italian nationality, and of the old Imperial right of Rome to sovereign dominion.

Massiveness and gloom are the prevailing features of this illustration, which is distinguished by powerful drawing and effective colour.

PLATE CXXIII.

THE ENCHANTMENT OF DON QUIXOTE.

THE Don, having, after his strange performances in the Sierra Morena, returned to the inn at which Sancho was so scurvily treated by being tossed in a blanket, takes it into his head not merely that the inn is a castle, but that it is enchanted. Under this impression he performs so many extravagant antics that it is thought he must be mad, and a device is hit upon for carrying him home. First of all, the people of the inn bargain with a passing waggoner for the use of his oxen; they then construct a large wooden cage,

